

"THE BLADENSBURG RACES," by Clinton Ross, complete in this number.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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STOP THIEF!

This curious photographic study depicts with remarkable verisimilitude a dramatic incident of every-day life on the crowded city thoroughfares. An enterprising "crook," of the pocket-picking species, abstracts a watch from a gentleman's waistcoat, or perhaps boldly snatches a pocket-book out of a lady's hand. The alarm is given, and instantly there is an excited crowd of men and boys, rushing in pursuit of—they know not what or whom, and all crying, "Stop thief!" It is ten to one that the thief himself is in the midst of the mob, joining lustily in the cry. By this device he is enabled either to pass the stolen article to a confederate, or else to walk away at leisure, while some innocent individual is being seized and examined on suspicion.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND OTHERS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is always glad to receive good pictures of interesting events, and the publishers will pay promptly for all acceptable photographs sent to them. Photographs of the life in the mining regions in Alaska and the Northwest Territory will be particularly acceptable.

The News from the South.

SEVERAL years ago one of the press associations in the South met and adopted sensible resolutions calling for news reports that would deal in something better than lynchings and highly-colored accounts of homicides. About that time the writer went to England, and the first paper he read was the London *Times*. In that staid and steady journal of civilization and conservatism were a few formal lines referring to the death of General Gresham, the then Secretary of State, and near it was a long account of a horrible lynching in an unfamiliar part of Florida. The contrast was all the more painful because it came after a long abstinence from newspaper-reading. It was, however, an apt illustration of what the reign of the criminal in the news columns means to a country or to a section. And there is no doubt that in this respect the South has suffered heavily. We would never know from reading this kind of news that during the last three or four years, when the rest of the country and a large part of the world have been going through a period of disastrous depression, the South has been uncommonly well-off and has been making wonderful strides in progress. We would not know that since the better times began the South has caught full step with the procession of progress, has constantly increased its manufacturing, has made the largest gains in commerce in all its history, has begun a conquest of Europe not only with its iron and steel, but with its grain and other agricultural products.

It was, of course, to be expected that the sensational would grab at the prospect of yellow fever. But the strangest things sometimes happen. "The Northern and Western press has treated the Ocean Springs fever with commendable common sense," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. It had an opportunity to work up a scare and to injure the business of a vast territory, but it refrained from attempting such a thing. There was a time when the jealousies of cities permitted work of this kind, but the time seems to have passed. "It is doubtful if there has ever been such complete unity of purpose as is presented to-day," said the same paper. And this, in truth, is the higher patriotism. It is better than reunions with effervescent speeches and vows bathed in champagne, because it reaches down to the very bottom of things, and shows that nation and state, city and section, are together for the good of each and of all.

The Increase of Crime.

LAST year there were, in this country, forty per cent. fewer legal executions than lynchings. For a number of years now the lynchings have steadily outnumbered the legal executions, once doubling them; and when it is remembered that not one murderer in fifty is hanged, the situation is clearly not one that appeals to the law-abiding American citizen. It is useless to deny that crime is greatly on the increase in this country. The explanation in recent years might be attributed to the hard times, but this cause certainly could not operate in those sections where the outbreak in lynchings has been beyond all question. A distinguished Southern jurist recently said that a lynching was treason to the State, all the more deplorable because the traitors were never caught and punished. The worst part of the whole matter, unquestionably, is the public sentiment that supports these crimes. The atrocity for which brutes are usually lynched is regarded with horror by all respectable people, and a community in which such an outrage has been committed is not normal; but, making the best possible allowances, the fact remains that in taking the law into their own hands the people are discounting the courts and weakening the very institutions from which they expect and demand protection. Proof of this is seen in the fact that lynchings increase on lynchings, and a culminating episode was the case, a few weeks ago, in which the mob left a notice on the body, saying that the man had been lynched on general principles.

And the other kinds of crime are also multiplying. The proportion of criminals to the population is several times what it was fifty years ago, and this proportion is growing.

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The number of murders is larger and the slums of great cities are each year graduating their thousands of thieves and thugs. There is not a large centre of population in this country whose jails are not over crowded. It may be that the coming of better times may improve these facts, but there is no doubt that a great responsibility, graver than most people suppose, rests upon the moral institutions and orderly agencies of the country. And the first to recognize this direct responsibility should be the courts and those judges on the bench who allow legal delays to defeat the ends of justice and to encourage criminality by neglecting to punish it promptly.

How the Busy Bee Doth.

AT this time of the year, when people are returning from their vacations; when many are coming home to rest after a season of activity and dissipation, and when many more are returning with freshened energies for the battle with the world, it might be well to remember that there is such a thing as over doing and undoing one's self even after the annual recreation. The prosy moralists, from our boyhood days to man's estate, never tire of quoting the example of the busy bee who improves each shining hour and gathers honey wherever he may find it. Of course the interests of virtue demand that this active worker should live to a good old age and go down to an honored grave with the love and esteem of animate and inanimate nature. But listen to the testimony of the latest writer on this interesting insect. "The bee's life is rather short," he says; "not over forty five or forty days long in the busy season of summer. In winter, however, a period of comparative idleness, it is estimated to extend over a much greater length of time; but, with the exception of the queen, no bee lives to be a year old."

This is an age of grim reality, and these facts about the little bee may seriously discourage the lessons of our youth. They show that when the bee works over time, sipping from the innocent flowers, possibly including a few wild oats, he is shortening his little life; but when he strikes a season of comparative idleness he lengthens his days. It is well to work, but, in the interests of the mortality rate, do not work too hard.

Immorality in Money Matters.

THE immoral teaching of a large part of literature regarding money matters has failed to be remarked by the reviewers. A recent novel by a highly-esteemed writer tells of a youth absolutely penniless who, upon receiving a gift of two hundred and fifty dollars, with no prospect of more for years, or until he could support himself, sent immediately fifty dollars of it to a man who had shortly before rescued him from a quicksand. Under other circumstances the whole sum would have been but a mean recognition of such a service, but as the youth was living upon charity, constantly soliciting aid in order to defray the expenses of his education, it was wrong for him to expend one cent which he was not obliged to. The debt, vital though it was, might have waited, and would better have been forced to wait, until some more fitting recognition of it could have been made. "This piece of gratitude was perhaps slightly rash considering his narrow means," comments the novelist, but he is plainly of the opinion that he would have done the same thing in the same place. This is only an example of the way in which open-handedness is constantly praised, directly or indirectly, in literature, at the expense of proper thrift.

At a moderate estimate, it may be computed that at least half of the humanly manageable troubles in the world arise from money matters. After a thorough grounding in the principles of the Ten Commandments, the next most important lesson to teach our youth is the care and handling of money, yet this is usually done in the most haphazard way, if at all. Lavish spending for others, often done through sheer thoughtlessness or a love of display, and at the risk of one's own future, or that of one's family, is too often condoned, both in life and literature. The sins of the spendthrift, provided he does not squander his substance in riotous living, and even sometimes when he does, are held up as being very excusable, if not praiseworthy, instead of as a palpable breach of morality. Self-respect and the duty of self-support demand that adequate provision should be made by every human being for his future, when age or illness may incapacitate him for work. A well-known physician in New York once counseled at a public meeting that the poor be encouraged to have as large families as possible, adding, cheerfully, "The State will gladly look after such as the fathers cannot support."

A more pernicious doctrine could hardly be advanced. The belief that it is his bounden duty to provide for his family is one which should be fostered strenuously in every citizen. If every man felt it as he ought, there would be almost no eleemosynary effort needed.

A man in a country village put a hundred-dollar bill into the contribution-box one Sunday. His generosity was warmly praised by his fellow church-members, and was commented upon with laudation in the county paper. It leaked out later that this man was deeply in debt. He failed not long afterwards, and dozens of business men lost heavily by him. The desire to win applause, or to create

or strengthen credit, inspires a large part of the so-called "benevolence" of the day. It may have its spring in genuine loving kindness, but it is a loving-kindness which has been allowed to develop at the expense of prudence and morality. Let benevolent enterprises flourish—let everybody give. Giving according to ability is a binding duty upon every citizen, but many a good man gives far more liberally than he can afford, because he has not the strength or judgment to refrain. The criticisms of one's neighbors upon one's parsimony are hard to bear, but it would be harder, if we had only the imagination to picture it, to see one's family going down to a destitute old age, or dependent upon the grudging bounty of relatives. It is far harder to stand firm under pressure in these times than it is to give. It is a generous age, and, as has been remarked, all of current literature, from the Bible down, can be quoted to justify the freest possible expenditure, while the passages which counsel caution and economy are forgotten in the commotion caused by trumpet-tongued Slander as she bawls out "skinfint" and "miser."

On the other hand, the man who holds vast inherited wealth, or who has prospered largely in business, has quite as hard a lesson in learning to give judiciously and sufficiently; but it is perhaps no more difficult for the stingy rich man to acquire the lesson of giving than for the too generous or the ostentatious poor man to learn to curb his open-handedness and to temper his lavishness with discretion.

The Ancient Sampler.

DOES anybody remember now the old-time sampler that was such a touching and universal token of childhood a generation or two ago? Nobody speaks of it to-day; it no longer adorns the rustic cottage-wall: and yet it was once very dear to the domestic circle, and marked the first notable epoch in a little girl's life.

But we doubt if any little girl to-day can tell what a sampler is, unless her mother, or aunt, or grandmother has saved one, out of a reverent sentiment for the past, or told her about this simple and initiatory art-work. Once it was the one thing which every little girl between eight and fourteen years of age was sure to make. In fact, no little girl in former days ever grew as far as her teens without making one. So soon as some small experience with the needle was gained the little girl's highest ambition in early times was to produce a sampler.

This article was simply a piece of primitive embroidery, wrought of various colored yarns upon a canvas background. The canvas used was somewhat coarse, and the natural and regular perforations between the cross-threads afforded an indication for the direction of the stitching. The designs which the stitcher followed were always very simple and very much alike. They involved nothing, at any rate, which could be considered very elaborate.

The typical sampler usually had on its upper half a plain-looking house, of barn-like shape, and a tree or two, with perhaps a figure of a man or a girl—or possibly a horse or a dog would claim the place instead. But sometimes no real illustration requiring even a flat perspective prevailed. Below this grouping, when it existed, and without it when it did not, were always to be seen the capital letters of the alphabet, the ten numerals, the embroiderer's name and age, and the full date of the commencement or completion of the work. Sometimes there might be seen in addition a text of Scripture or some cherished quotation in prose or verse.

When the work, which was done at various broken intervals, and often in the long winter evenings, was actually finished, there was real pleasure in the household. But the sampler was not folded away in a drawer by any means. On the contrary, the honor which the artist aspires to was accorded to it. It was put in a plain wooden frame, properly backed and glazed, and was hung, with palpitating pride, on the parlor or sitting-room wall. It marked, altogether, a very pretty custom; but it fell only a few decades ago into quiet desuetude. It was known in Elizabethan times, if not longer ago; for both Shakespeare and Herrick refer to it in their verse. If we come down to modern times for its literary record we can find a reference to it in Whittier's "Among the Hills."

In describing an apartment he says:

"The best room,
 bookless, pictureless,
Save the inevitable sampler hung
Over the fireplace."

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

=IN connection with the comments upon the birth of a son and heir to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt), the London society journals mention that an engagement is believed to exist between the young Duke of Roxburghe and Miss May Goelet, daughter of the recently deceased Mr. Ogden Goelet. The amount of money—two millions sterling—of her dowry is said to be less than the young lady will eventually possess. Apropos of American duchesses, an English paper remarks: "If American heiresses persist in their appropriation of the highest titles in the British peerage we shall be reduced to a salad of strawberry-leaves, sauce à l'Americaine. There are already in England three American ladies with the title of duchess, their two graces of Marlborough and her grace of Manchester. The young Duke of Manchester will probably soon present us with a fourth, and it must not be forgotten that the wife of Lord Francis Hope, who will in all probability succeed to the dukedom of Newcastle, is also an American woman." This has reference to Miss May Yohe, formerly of lyric-stage fame, and the "salad of strawberry-leaves" is suggestive of the golden strawberry-leaves which embellish coronets worn by

English personages of ducal rank. Speaking of American peeresses, the death of the Earl of Egmont means another American countess. Lord Egmont's successor is his cousin, Mr. Augustus Arthur Percival, who now becomes eighth earl. He is married, according to Debrett, to a daughter of the late Warwick Howell, Esq., of South Carolina.

=Pay-director Casper Schenck, of the navy, who has just been detached from duty as inspector, and retires under the age requirement, is one of the famous "genials" and *raconteurs* of the service. So far as is known, he has never written more than two lines of verse; but that couplet survives many a more ambitious effort of the professional poets. When Admiral Foote, who was a confirmed "temperance" advocate, succeeded in having the grog ration abolished in the navy, and an allowance for it added to the pay of enlisted men, Schenck chronicled the event in song:

"He raised our pay ten cents a day,
And stopped our grog forever."

Inspector Schenck is the senior officer of his corps, and for years has been stationed at Annapolis, where he was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of foot-ball matches between the naval cadets and the West-Pointers. He is a nephew of the late minister to Great Britain of the same name, but, unlike him, has no genius for poker.

=Ex-Governor Claffin, of Massachusetts, has been telling, of late, the methods and the cost of the Republican national campaign of 1868, when he was chairman of the Republican National Committee. Then it was that Grant was first elected, John M. Palmer was Governor of Illinois, and Horace Greeley was numbered among the Republican stump orators. It was during Governor Claffin's incumbency of the chairmanship of the national committee that the Fifth Avenue Hotel was introduced to political life, as the headquarters of the committee. Although Governor Claffin is well along in years and does not take an active part in the politics of the day, his interest in public events does not lag. He followed the last campaign with youthful ardor. Dropping into a reminiscent mood not long ago, Governor Claffin said that all that he had to run the first Grant campaign with was three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that while they discussed tariff, finance, reconstruction, negro rights, and a free ballot, yet the campaign was largely a personal one, and that the voters cast their ballots for the men rather than the measures.

=Charles Monroe Dickinson, who has recently been appointed consul to Constantinople by President McKinley, was born in Lowville, Lewis County, New York, fifty-five years ago, and was educated at the Fairfield Seminary. He was admitted to the Bar at Binghamton in 1865, and practiced law there and in New York City until 1878, when he became editor and proprietor of the Binghamton *Republican*. He is the author of a volume of poems entitled, "The Children, and Other Verses," published in 1879. Mr. Dickinson enjoys the unique distinction of being the author of a single poem which has attained widespread popularity, while his other writings are practically unknown. That one poem is called "The Children," and was written by him over thirty years ago, when, as a mere stripling, he taught a country school. It has often been ascribed to Charles Dickens, obviously because of the similarity in the two names and of the overshadowing reputation of the great novelist. Like the author of "Annie Laurie," "Auld Robin Gray," "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and others that might be named, it is doubtful if anything else he has ever written will be remembered. But this one poem, simple and artless, has gone the rounds of the press a score of times, and has been recited by many a school-girl who never heard of its author.

=For the past two seasons "Sara Spy," the young and gifted daughter of Dr. Isaac Farrar, a well-known practicing physician of Boston, has been delighting New England audiences with her treatment of such interesting questions as "The New Woman," "Men's Rights," "The Man who Cooks," "The Woman who Shops," and "What Men Marry." In describing herself recently, Miss Farrar said: "If by 'new woman' is meant a woman who is ready to take her place among the world's workers, wherever that place may be, I suppose I might be called 'new,' but the point of it

all, in my mind, lies in that one word 'wherever.' A woman is none the less doing the world's work because she makes home a delightful haven for her husband—it takes brains of a very excellent quality to do that in these snatch-and-run days; and she is none the more 'new'—that is, doing the world's work any more—because she personally prefers the platform to the drawing-room, or takes enthusiastically to modern dress-reform." "Sara Spy's" most popular hit, perhaps, is her unique dissertation on "What Men Marry." The personal charm of the speaker has naturally something to do with her success. There is a piquant contrast between the many-sided subject and its treatment at the hands of this young and attractive woman, who gives, with nonchalance, her views on the much-neglected subject, "Men's Rights."

=Hall Caine's melodramatic treatment, in "The Christian," of Episcopal monastic life in London is likely to arouse a certain feeling of resentment among those who have watched the career in this country of the "Cowley Fathers," to whom the reference in the novel is so direct as to be unmistakable. These black-robed monks have always been regarded with great esteem in Boston, and several members of the order, as Father A. C. A. Hall, now bishop of Vermont, and Father Grafton, who became

bishop of a Wisconsin diocese, have been men of very high attainments in scholarship and theology. To conceive of any members of the order as the novelist portrays them—as even more prone to error and weakness than ordinary mortals—is quite preposterous. It is interesting to note that, while in England the order is largely recruited from Oxford, Harvard contributes few members, if any, to the chapter-house that is almost at her gates.

=Miss Louise Pound, of Lincoln, Nebraska, who, by her defeat of Miss Craven, of Evanston, in the recent tournament on

the courts of the Kenwood Country Club, became the woman tennis champion of the West, was, until that event, unknown in Chicago. She had won many honors at home, however. As early as 1890 she held the championship of her State. Miss Craven, who had defended the silver cup for one season, was regarded by her friends as the sure winner, and they considered the trophy practically hers. When, however, they saw this unknown girl from the West defeat Miss Atkinson, holder of a triple championship, they began to fear that their favorite

would have to struggle desperately to retain her honors. Their fears were well grounded, as the event proved. Whether Miss Craven did her best is not certain, but certain it is that she was fairly outplayed at every stage of the game, with the exception of a brief interval at the beginning of the last set. Miss Pound has hardly a rival in her native place in the art of skating, and has won many prizes in bicycling.

=Bon-Amena was the leader of the Tunisian forces against the French who, after the desperate battles of Bab-el-Zargua and Spax, retired to Kairouan, the holy city of northern Africa, to pray for the liberation of his beloved country from the infidel. There he was taken by the French, court-martialed, and condemned to be exiled to Fort de France, Martinique, West Indies, where he has resided until the present time. President Faure, upon his triumphal return from Russia, liberated many political prisoners, Bon-Amena among the number. From the Tunisian imbroglio, in 1882, arose the war feeling between France and Italy for the Mediterranean supremacy, causing Italy to enter the Triple Alliance that France might be isolated in Europe.

=The "Southern Lark" is the name by which Ellen Beach Yaw is known in California. Miss Yaw is at present at her summer home near Tropico, in southern California.

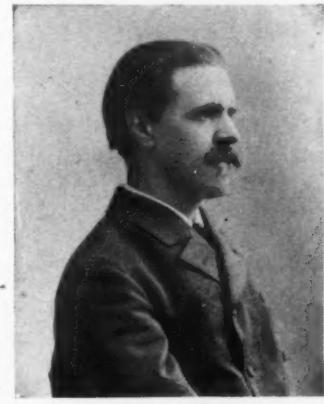
The Lark's Nest, as her friends have named this corner of paradise, is a typical California home, and one of the most restful and charming spots imaginable. Its broad verandas are overrun with jessamine, heliotrope, and roses, and shaded by magnificent palms and magnolia-trees. The entire place is a veritable birds' nest, being literally alive with mocking-birds, larks, and linnets, and echoes with bird-music from morning until night. The sweetest

singer of all is the fair mistress, herself a bird of passage, who, with her faithful comrade, Keats—a fine Prince Bismarck dog—spends the greater part of her time out-of-doors. Miss Yaw does her studying in the open air and under the blue skies, believing that she gets her best inspiration when nearest to nature. A daintier bit of womanhood one seldom meets. She is fair and fragile as a lily, with a singularly lovable and winsome nature and child-like simplicity of manner. She recently sang in Los Angeles for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home, and later for the little lads themselves. Miss Yaw will go abroad in November. She made her debut in New York, and for four years has traveled with her own concert-company.

=To think of John Sartain, the veteran engraver, father of mezzotint in this country, as recovering from a severe illness at the age of eighty-nine is to understand partly the rugged virility

of the man, which has made him for many years beyond an ordinary lifetime the most prominent artistic figure in Philadelphia. In the Quaker City, in the early part of the century, there was a rivalry among publishers that led to the production of some very choice specimens of "the art preservative," and in most of these there are pretty examples of Sartain's handiwork. Sartain's home used to be a favorite place of resort for men of national prominence in art and literature, and it is doubtful if any other American has so choice a collection of interesting anecdotes of celebrities.

=Vincent d'Indy is one of the most brilliant of the younger French composers. He was born in Paris in 1851, and is a



VINCENT D'INDY.

a pupil of César Franck and of the Paris Conservatoire; but he goes to Germany for inspiration. D'Indy is an ardent Wagnerian, and scarcely a season at Bayreuth passes without his attendance. His *Walzenstein* symphony, upon Schiller's drama, has been played in New York under Seidl's baton, and several of his smaller orchestral numbers have also been heard in this country. His works include: "Le Chant de la Cloche," a dramatic legend, of which he wrote the poem, and which took

a prize in Paris in 1886; overture to "Antony and Cleopatra," 1877; "La Forêt Enchantée," ballade from Uhland, 1878; "La Chevauchée du Cid," scene for baritone, chorus, and orchestra, 1883; "Songe Fleuri," orchestral legend, 1885; and a very remarkable symphony based on mountaineers' themes, which has beautiful parts for the wood-wind, and into which the piano is introduced with much effect. Vincent d'Indy has also written chamber-music, waltzes, and pieces for the piano, and is steadily gaining in popularity.

=Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the well-known writer and authority upon the Indian peoples and traditions of California and the Southwest, has always held that the huge isolated rock known as the Mesa Encantada, in western New Mexico, was at one time a place of human habitation. His principal reason for such belief was the existence of an old but well-established legend to that effect among the Indians of to-day, whose traditions are never fables. Last July, Professor William Libbey, of Princeton University, achieved the ascent of the mysterious cliff, as was recorded at the time in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. He reported no discoveries on the top of the great rock—or, rather, he claimed to have discovered that the story of its having been inhabited was but the baseless fabric of a myth. Mr. Lummis declared that the so-called exploration of Professor Libbey was a mere farcical adventure, and held to his theory. This has been vindicated sooner than could have been expected. The report of Professor F. W. Hodge, of the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of Ethnology, who has recently returned from New Mexico, bears out Lummis's statements in every particular. It is pointed out that Professor Libbey did not stop to make a single excavation, and evidently expected to find ancient jewelry, pottery, and prayer-sticks lying scattered about on the rocks. The popular Princetonian must now be content with the glory of having been the first to risk his neck on the dizzy climb.

=Charles H. Hoyt, the unrivaled musical-farce-comedy playwright, is a New Englander, *encore jeune*—as the French say



MR. CHARLES H. HOYT.

Photograph by Falk.

among writers generally for the use of the personal pronoun I. Mr. Hoyt's wife is Caroline Miskel, the beautiful *Grace Holme* of "A Contented Woman." His home is somewhere up among the granite bowlders of New Hampshire, and occasionally his neighbors run him for Congress, just by way of a practical pleasure.

=They call this an Anglo-Saxon country," says General Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, recently consul-general for the United States in London, "yet the two opposing candidates for the Presidency in our last national election were Celts—McKinley and Bryan—and Irish Celts at that." In presenting his credentials to the Duke of Tetuan, the leader of the Spanish Cabinet, a week or two ago, General Stewart L. Woodford, the American minister, is reported to have made an astonishing use of President McKinley's Celtic descent. The Duke of Tetuan himself is one of the O'Donnells who went to Spain, a Catholic country, many years ago, and have since been generals and premiers in the land of their adoption. General Woodford is said to have made a point of this Celtic brotherhood by descent. It remains to be seen whether any good comes of so unusual, if not undiplomatic, a representation. When Marshal McMahon was president of the French republic the Celtic element in the United States was already acquiring control of the machinery in American municipalities, but had not then gotten so deep a hold on the national Congress and the departments of the government at Washington. "It is only in the last half of the nineteenth century," says General Collins, himself an able and dignified representative of "the United States of Celt-America," "that the Celt has got the ear of the world."



"SARA SPY."



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.
Copyright, 1896, by George Steckel.

all, in my mind, lies in that one word 'wherever.' A woman is none the less doing the world's work because she makes home a delightful haven for her husband—it takes brains of a very excellent quality to do that in these snatch-and-run days; and she is none the more 'new'—that is, doing the world's work any more—because she personally prefers the platform to the drawing-room, or takes enthusiastically to modern dress-reform." "Sara Spy's" most popular hit, perhaps, is her unique dissertation on "What Men Marry." The personal charm of the speaker has naturally something to do with her success. There is a piquant contrast between the many-sided subject and its treatment at the hands of this young and attractive woman, who gives, with nonchalance, her views on the much-neglected subject, "Men's Rights."

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Mlle. Cléo de Mérode.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ASPECTS OF THE FAMOUS PARISIAN DANSEUSE WHO IS NOW MAKING HER AMERICAN DÉBUT AT KOSTER & BIAL'S MUSIC-HALL.



GEORGIA CAINE, AS "JULIE BONBON," IN
"THE GIRL FROM PARIS."



LEO DITRICHSTEIN, EMMA BRENNAN, AND KATHERINE
GREY, IN "A SOUTHERN ROMANCE."



AMELIA BINGHAM AS "NATURE" AT THE ACADEMY
OF MUSIC
Copyright by Falk.



MARIE LOFTUS, AT WEBER & FIELDS.



KATHRYN OSTERMAN AND ANNA BELMONT, IN
"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES."
Copyright by Schloss.

ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.

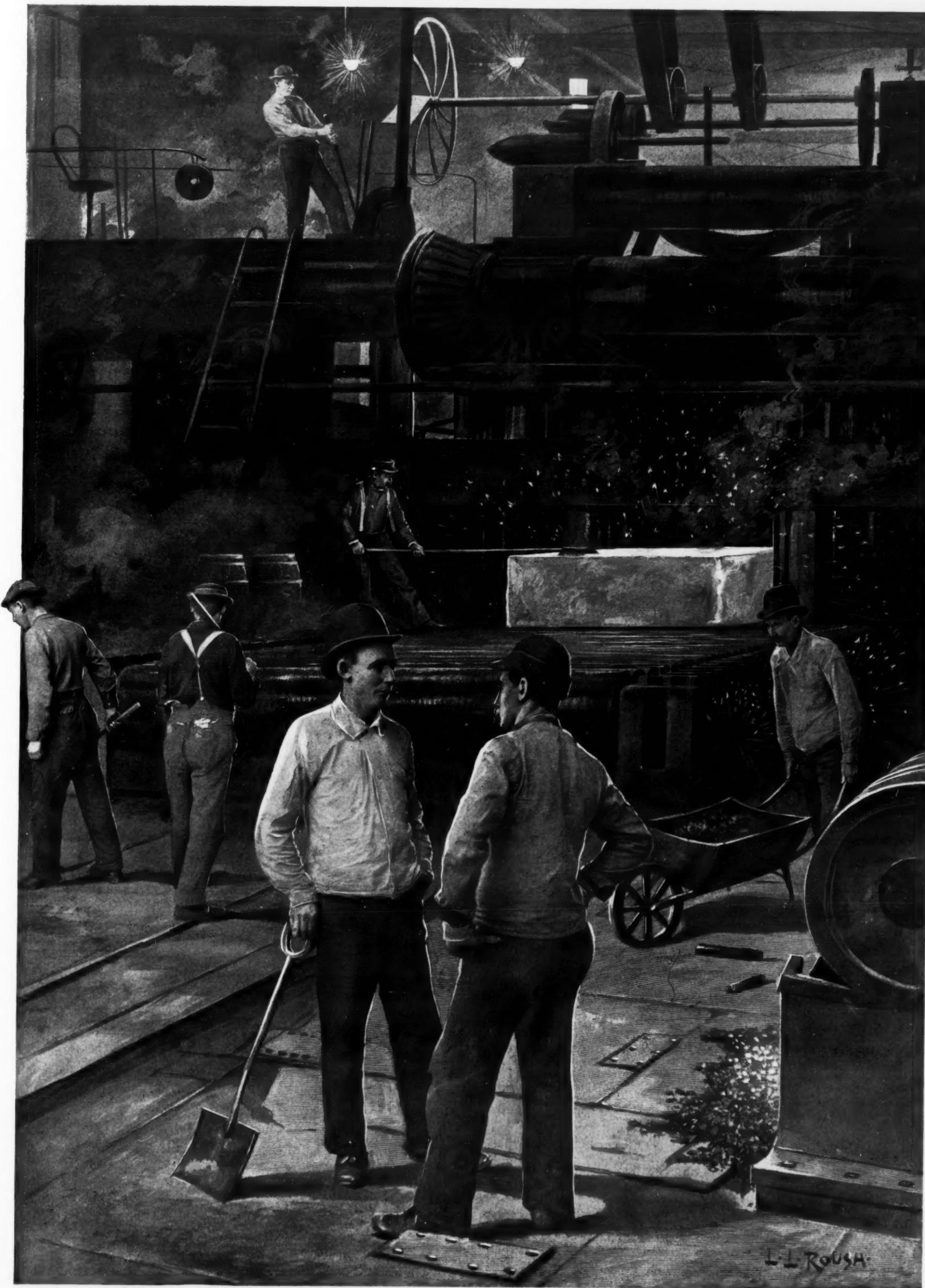
The theatres of New York are offering an abundant variety of entertainment, mostly of a light order, but distinctly better in quality than what we have been accustomed to expect thus early in the season. The public patronage of the play-houses, since the cool weather has set in, is liberal enough to indicate either general prosperity, or approval of the programmes presented. Although LESLIE'S WEEKLY would not advocate a protective tariff on foreign plays and players, it is nevertheless gratifying to observe that native talent at the present moment has the centre of the stage and the lime-light focus. The list of successes, either recent or held over from last season, already includes: that stirring war-play, "Secret Service"; "A Southern Romance," with its genuine Kentuckian atmosphere; "Nature," the gorgeous spectacle at the Academy of Music; "A Coat of Many Colors," fitted to Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon by Madeline Lucette Ryley; "A Bachelor's Romance," by Martha Morton, which provides Sol Smith Russell with the best rôle in which he has ever appeared before New York audiences; the Chinese play, "The Cat and the Cherub," which has

become a bone of managerial contention; Hoyt's latest, "A Stranger in New York"; those other current farcicalities, "What Happened to Jones," "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," and Francis Wilson's comic opera, "Half a King." Every one of these pieces was made in the United States, out of materials native to the soil; and they are all performed—as to their principal parts, at least—by American players.

Among the pictures on this page, prominence is deservedly given to the portraits of the exquisitely beautiful Cléo de Mérode, the young *danseuse* from the Paris Opéra, who is making her American début at Koster & Bial's music-hall this week. Mademoiselle Cléo's beauty and grace have won right royal recognition in Europe. Adulation, however, has not turned her pretty head; for, although the highest salary she ever received in Paris could not possibly have exceeded four hundred francs, or eighty dollars, per month, yet such is the modest simplicity of her style of living, that she is able to exhibit diamonds and other jewelry valued at one hundred and twenty-five

thousand dollars. As an artiste, Cléo de Mérode is seen at her best in the elaborate and picturesque *Faust* ballet which has been specially reproduced at Koster & Bial's as a setting for the charms of the dainty Parisienne. This ballet, which has gained great renown at the Empire, London, tells the story of *Faust* and *Marguerite* by pantomime and dances. The stage tableaux are splendid and impressive, and require the services of no less than one hundred and fifty people, most of whom Manager Arons has brought over from the original European production.

The other portraits show Amelia Bingham, the statuesque *Queen of Nature*, in the grand De Verna-Cohen production at the Academy; Georgia Caine, who has replaced Clara Lipman as "The Girl from Paris," at the Herald Square; Misses Anna Belmont and Kathryn Osterman, who play, respectively, the parts of *Cissy* and *Marjorie* in "What Happened to Jones," at the Manhattan; Marie Loftus, the English burlesque artiste, at Weber & Fields' music-hall; and a tableau-group of three of the principals in "A Southern Romance," which has charmed audiences for some weeks past at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.



MAKING STEEL PLATES FOR BATTLE-SHIPS.

This is a scene in a Pittsburg rolling-mill, where the great plates have been made to incase the men-of-war of the United States navy. The study is interesting just now by reason of the controversy between the Secretary of the Navy and the steel-makers as to the price the government ought to pay for these plates. The difference between the Secretary and the makers is something near to thirty per cent., a margin which invites a compromise, but which is almost too large to suggest complete submission of either side to the other.

The Cycling Record-makers of 1897.

CYCLE racing has never enjoyed a more profitable and noteworthy inning than the season now in its last days. The Southern link that has been added to the national circuit chain is a supplement that bears little relation to what has gone before, and when, during the next fortnight, the money-chasers will have crossed the imaginary Mason and Dixon's line, the 1897 era of cycle sport will begin to be a closed book. True, there will be any amount of good racing in the Southern extension, but in it the naming of the year's champion should not form a part. It is too much to ask a rider to race from early in the spring until Christmas in order to retain the championship crown, and another year should find a radical improvement in the composition of the big line that is supposed to encompass the whole country.

Judging by what he has done on the national circuit, on which the competition has been of the hardest and most determined sort, Bald is the day-in and day-out champion, and his work is considerably in advance of all the others. The "Bison" has weathered the telling campaign like the veteran that he is, and there is only one other who can put up a formidable claim to the championship title.

This one is Earl Kiser, the "Dayton Dumpling," who figures as the Tom Butler of 1897, but eclipses that former meteor in the brilliance of his performances. Kiser has appeared at less than a dozen circuit meets during the entire season, and was numbered among the missing at Springfield, which ranks second in importance only to the annual League of American Wheelmen meet. Sickness has interfered in several instances, but the manœuvreing of Tom Eck has often been the cause. Before the recent important invitation event at Manhattan Beach, the Dayton boy had been practically out of the game for a month, while those he opposed had just gone through the trying ordeal of Springfield. All this has tended to rob Kiser of the full credit of his victories, and the tactics pursued by his manager have brought much unfavorable criticism to the star. Were Bald and Kiser to come together day after day, it is safe to assert that the "Bison" would score the more repeatedly, but in special races, occurring now and then, the Ohio youngster would be as likely to obtain the honors as the other.

Tom Cooper, who divided the 1896 honors with Bald, has had a disappointing season, and it is only of late that he has been showing the speed that landed him at the top of the heap a year ago. Too much preparation seems to have been a fault with Cooper, for when he began to buckle down to the real hard work of training he had little superfluous flesh to rid himself of. Cooper will not be guilty of the same error this winter, and he ought to emerge in the spring fit to put up a winning fight for the 1898 headgear.

Louthead, the erratic, is a puzzle. Riding one day like the wind, on the next he has to follow third-raters across the tape. Were there pool-selling on bicycle tracks, it is good guessing that the Canadian would be up on charges before any of the others. Gardiner, the Chicago Adonis, is more or less off the same piece of cloth, but the difficulty with him is that he loses his heart too often at the critical juncture. He has the ability, but lack of confidence in self loses him many a prize.

One of the features of the year has been the riding of "Major" Taylor, the colored boy, who has given the cracks all and more than they wanted on various occasions. Incidentally, Taylor controverts one of the arguments used by the opponents of six-day contests, as he came through the arduous trial in Madison Square Garden in December, 1896, in good style, and apparently the task did not impair his stamina or sprinting qualities.

Sanger, the "Unpaced King," for several years a prominent and imposing figure in the cycle game, has taken part in his last race and will be seen no more in public. He came to the conclusion that his day was over, and in the passing of the big fellow the sport has lost one who will be missed as much as was modest Harry Tyler when that popular rider dropped out of the struggle. John S. Johnson, also of the old school, has insisted that he was still a part of the whirl, but he has not been a factor of much account. Charley Murphy, another of the old guard, has found the going too fast for comfort, and though he retired, *à la Patti*, he has since tried his pace in handicaps with varying luck. Zimmerman, the once great, is having a fling at the thing again, but up to the present time he has been content to confine himself to exhibitions, threatening occasionally to have a go with those now in the thick of the fight.

The middle-distance performers and their pacing complements have occupied the centre of the stage off and on during the season, and "Jimmy" Michael, the "Welsh Rarebit," has disposed of all comers in true Sullivan style. First, came Titus, next McDuffee, then Starbuck, and, in conclusion, Lesna, when the available talent was exhausted. It looks as though only an importation is capable of lowering the colors of the Welsh rider, who is to become an American citizen.

Of those who met defeat at the hands of Michael, Lesna was the hardest proposition, and he came back three times in succession. McDuffee gained a flash of fame by capturing the world's paced record at the mile, negotiating the distance in 1:38 1-5 at Boston, but he was soon despoiled of it by Platt-Betts, who relinquished it a fortnight later to Stocks, another Englishman, whose figures are 1:35 2-5. Titus had been the one selected to do the trick with Michael, but he fell short in a manner that left doubt as to his courage, and he did not reinstate himself in the favor of the metropolitan public until he won the Quill Club two-thousand-dollar handicap on Labor Day. The one across the line first in the final received one thousand dollars, the largest sum ever awarded the winner of a sprint race in America.

Pursuit races have been one of the season's innovations. The contests where only one rider pursued another became too tame, and so the idea of having teams chase each other was tried, with better results. In amateur races of this nature a Buffalo trio, consisting of Miller, Goehler, and Stevens, proved unbeatable, and one of their victories took place at the Quill Club Wheelmen meet at Manhattan Beach, when such good ones as Powell, Ertz, and Babcock were caught after a heart-

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

breaking ride. This form of competition will find greater favor in the future, when more inter-city matches are arranged.

A. G. BATCHELDER.

The Old Missions of California.

THE old missions of California, grand even in decay, have outlasted a century's storms and the invasion of sight-seers innumerable. To the lovers of the picturesque these crumbling piles—the only ruins of which our young country can boast—are a revelation and a delight. It is as though a corner of old Spain, with its olive groves, its gray walls, and its mossy fountains, had been set down in the midst of prosaic Yankee-land.

It has been said: "Other pioneers have blazed the way for civilization by the torch and bullet; but it remained for the Spanish priests to accomplish the same end by peaceful means." In 1769 the first mission was founded in southern California by the pioneer priest Junipero Serra, and the work of Christianizing the Indians and otherwise bettering their condition was fairly inaugurated. The ceremony attending the founding of the missions was in every instance much the same. The ground was consecrated, a cross was erected, a temporary chapel of brush put up, and the bells that summoned the wondering Indians from far and near were hung from a roughly hewn beam supported by two posts, or from the limb of a neighboring tree.

The Franciscans brought with them the vine and the olive, and rapidly trained their converts in all the ways of industry. The Indians were taught various crafts, and it is said that they excelled in the carving of wood and stone and the working of leather. They made vats for the wine that was pressed from the mission-grown grapes: *zanjas*, or irrigating ditches, through which was carried for miles the water that made the desert bloom as the rose; and fountains, or reservoirs, for the storing of water—all from mortar. They carved from wood the statues one sees in the niches above the altars; special mention is made of the "wood-carved statues with excellently rendered draperies" that adorn the San Juan Capistrano Mission.

The missions were so well organized, and the devout *padres* superintending them worked with such enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose, that they quickly multiplied in number, nine being established by 1787. Already in 1780 the sixteen missionary *padres* were the spiritual leaders and rulers of over three thousand Indian converts, and by the close of the century there were eighteen missions, with forty *padres* and a neophyte population of thirteen thousand five hundred. In spite of all that was accomplished, however, it has been said of the mission work that while it was one of the most devout and praiseworthy of mortal efforts, it was also, viewed in the light of its avowed intentions, one of the most fruitless, and in its after-effects, the most pitiful of human failures.

When Mexico became a republic the *padres* recognized that the days of their supremacy were over. Not long thereafter—in 1826—a decree was issued for the partial emancipation of the neophytes of San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, giving the Indians a degree of freedom from the control of the *padres*; and a few years later a plan was brought before the California Legislature which provided for the gradual transformation of the missions into *pueblos*; it gave to the neophytes also a share of the property. Political quarrels prevented the immediate execution of the plan, but it was the beginning of the end. By 1846, after years of misrule and no rule, during which California was an outlying province of Mexico, the once prosperous missions had fallen into decay, their large estates having disappeared, together with their Indian dependents.

The Rubber Over-shoe.

THE rubber over-shoe has gone out of fashion. In any case, on a wet day, rows of men's feet may be observed with scarcely a pair of rubbers among the whole number. Usually, if the weather be really rainy, half of those feet will be soaking wet. The feet of women are not so plainly in evidence, but there is reason to believe that even they wear rubbers much less than ten years ago. Then every woman and nearly every well-to-do man would have had rubbers on in stormy weather. What has caused the change?

One spruce young fellow says it "spoils the shine." But does not walking through mud without rubbers equally "spoil the shine"? In some parts of the city of New York it is true that under modern conditions there is little mud, but this is not true of its suburbs, and it is still less true of the country at large, where the same aversion to rubbers may be noticed.

Another young man says, "It is too much trouble to take off and put on rubbers. They soil the hands and injure the looks of the finger-nails, which almost every one keeps better than formerly. Besides, rubbers, even when you mark them, are always getting lost. They make the feet look bigger, too. They are a bother from every point of view."

A third says, "People are disgusted with the poor quality of rubber which the gutta-percha companies foist on a guileless public. If good rubber shoes were supplied many more would be worn."

A fourth says, "Rubbers do more harm than good. They heat and swell the feet, and are, therefore, uncomfortable and unhealthy."

A fifth struck a truer note than all the rest when he said, "We wear rubbers or go without them at the behest of fashion, just as we smoke, or as women wear corsets. Shoes wear twice as long if protected in wet weather by rubbers. Laziness, cleanliness, quality, healthfulness, and all the rest, may have combined to produce the fashion, but it is fashion which has retired rubbers."

The best physicians declare that wet feet are the final cause of a large proportion of the very numerous current cases of appendicitis, pneumonia, rheumatism, lumbago, and pleurisy. All these physicians agree that rubbers protect the feet and ward off these maladies and others like them. Though the constant wearing of rubber boots or rubber over-shoes would undoubtedly result in harm, there is comparatively little time when most people, if they wear proper shoes, need the shield of rubbers. Undoubtedly fashion is the senseless arbiter who has ruled them out. Appendicitis, pneumonia, and rheumatism, combined with the consideration of economy, are of little account beside the fashion. The crowd of "fool dukes" and their silly imitators rush on to their fate with the serene simplicity of their kind. It is all right if only "the rest" do it.

Mrs. Stanford's New Gift to the Public.

THE donation by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford of her large and handsome San Francisco residence to the furtherance and diffusion of literature adds another to the already large list of public libraries of which the people of the city at the Golden Gate can take advantage. The gift, which has lately been made, is to the Stanford University of Palo Alto, and the new library will be classed as a department of that institution. Possession of the property will pass, and its devotion to the uses suggested by the donor will begin, at the death of Mrs. Stanford. It will continue to be her city residence during her lifetime, her affection for this building being very profound, as it is bound up with associations of her husband, Senator Leland Stanford, and of her son, in memory of whom the college is named.

The edifice is an imposing structure near the summit of one of the finest hills of San Francisco, and adjoins the grounds of the Hopkins Art Institute, which has recently been presented



MRS. JANE L. STANFORD.

to the University of California as an affiliated college of art. The lot is two hundred and six by two hundred and seventy-five feet. The cost of the building and ground was about one million five hundred thousand dollars.

The gift passes to the college, and through it to the public, with its contents of many valuable books, drawings, paintings, art objects and works of art, and much appropriate furniture—collections which Mrs. Stanford has spent her lifetime in accumulating, and which it is her desire should be worthily preserved for the benefit of the public of California. She will probably equip the new library with many additions to its store of books, for in making the gift she said: "It would gratify me exceedingly if I could fill it with books and make it accessible to all."

JOHN E. BENNETT.



THE STANFORD RESIDENCE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.



Ertz.

Babcock.

Powell.



EARL KISER.



FRED TITUS.



LUCIEN LESNA.



TOM COOPER.



HOME-STRETCH, MANHATTAN BEACH BICYCLE-TH



W. C. SANGER, THE UNPACED KING.



ARTHUR GARDINER.

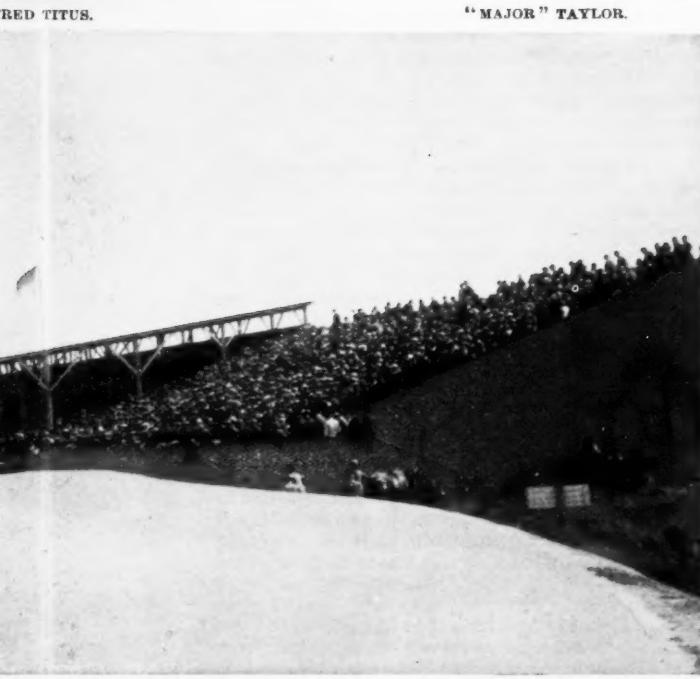


TITUS AND MCFARLAND TAKING DOWN THEIR GOLD FOR FIRST AND SECOND PLACE IN A THOUSAND-DOLLAR HANDICAP.

THE CYCLING CHAMPIONS AND RECORDS

A REMARKABLE SERIES OF PICTURES SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL TEAMS AND INDIVIDUAL WHEELMEN WHO HAVE MADE NAMES FOR THEMSELVES IN CYCLING. SOME OF THEIR MOST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. H. SMITH

SEE DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE BY A. G. BATCHELDER,



ATAN BEACH BICYCLE-TRACK.

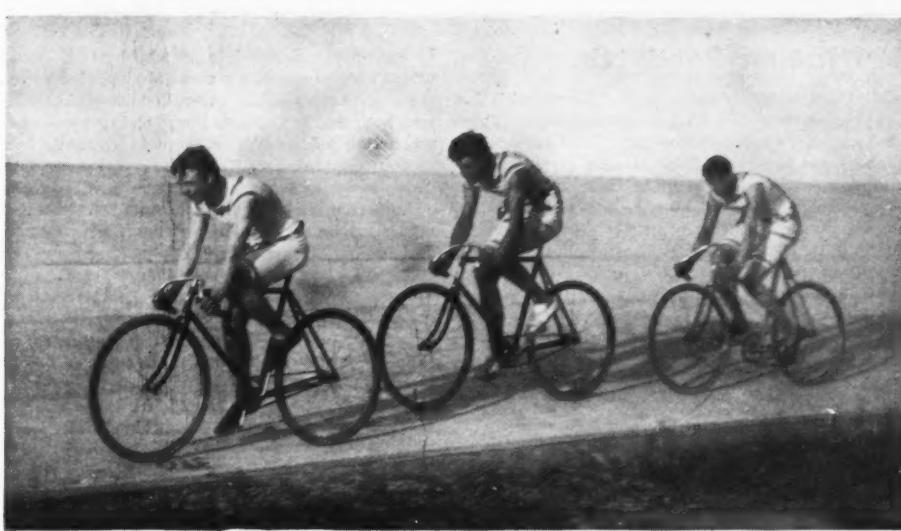


FOR FIRST AND SECOND PRIZES IN THE QUILL CLUB TWO-DOLLAR HANDICAP.

AND RECORD-MAKERS OF 1897.

HAVE MADE NEW RECORDS AND WON CHAMPIONSHIPS DURING THE SEASON NOW CLOSING—WITH SCENES OF ACHIEVEMENTS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMETT.

A. G. BATCHELDER, ON PAGE 281.



BUFFALO CHAMPION PURSUIT TEAM.



FRED LOUGHEAD, NATIONAL ONE-MILE CHAMPION.



EDDIE CARMON BALD.



EDDIE McDUFFEE, AMERICAN ONE-MILE RECORD-HOLDER: 1:38 2-5.



"MIDGET" JAMES MICHAEL, THE PACED KING AND WORLD MIDDLE-DISTANCE CHAMPION.

An Indian Pot-latch.

ONE of the strangest primitive customs ever discovered is the "pot-latch" of the Indians of the northern Pacific coast. They have established a special worship of the principle of generosity, and when, in obedience to old tradition, a man gives away a large portion of his worldly goods, or all of them, to the public—that is, to the members of his tribe—making a festival of the occasion, that is a pot-latch. The word is also used as a verb, and the whites in Washington and British Columbia speak of



INDIAN HOP-PICKERS.

all irresponsible, over-done generosity among the Indians as pot-latching.

At the present day the United States authorities have repressed the pot-latches to a great extent, for this pushing of an ideal to its last extreme proves in this case a terrible bar to Indian progress. In British Columbia the Indians are left much more to their own devices, and men have the happiness of reducing themselves to beggary frequently. The reward comes in the glory of the thing; a man who gives a pot-latch is a great person, and his greatness does not end with the festival,

broken—strutted about in his shabby but decent clothes, dark trousers, a red and black checked flannel shirt, and an old soft white-felt hat, wearing an expression of bliss on his face that was both funny and touching; it expressed gratified egotism and active benevolence in about equal proportions. He talked to us in very fair English about the great pot-latches in the old times, and about how he hated to see his people give up their customs; he showed that he deeply felt that this custom was noble and beautiful. He had made his money picking hops, and making his family pick, hop-picking being the only regular industry usual among his people. He had traded with the other Indians a little, too, and had become, in this slow, hard way, a rich man, and he was "blowing in" his fortune to live up to an ideal.

He sustained another old custom by marrying off two of his daughters on this occasion to the two bucks who first succeeded in climbing a greased pole to touch them. They, the daughters, were put, one at a time, in a big basket that was raised to the top of the pole and fastened there. The pole was eighteen or twenty feet high, and it was kept well greased; to touch the girl at the top was to win her. The girls seemed well pleased with this wooing; they were not forced to submit to it, and a number of other girls were married in the same way after the chief's daughters were disposed of.

Blankets were the great, ever-popular, never-ceasing gift, hundreds of them, but four or five canoes were given away, and some knives, and many of the beautiful baskets that are the only primitive manufacture, besides their canoes, surviving among these people. These, woven out of grass, they can make water-tight, and they are so fine and pretty they sell at high prices all along the coast. One of the pictures accompanying this article shows a squaw's bazaar where these baskets are the principle article of merchandise. The blurred figure is of a man who did not want to be taken with the squaws at their bargain-counter, lest the picture be counted a reflection on his manhood. Not having time to get away, he contrived to make himself unrecognizable.

The strength of the pot-latch sentiment among the Chinooks was shown in Queen Angelina, who, for the past twenty years, has been the most famous Indian on the Pacific coast. Angelina was long ago converted to Catholicism, and was a pretty good Catholic. For more than two decades she lived almost altogether among white people, and worked hard, as a washerwoman, for her living. The people of Seattle, where she made her home, were proud of her as a relic of the past—the place was named for the great chief who was her father—and they tried to instill some notions of acquisition into her mind, but to the last she pot-latched, as they termed

it, everything that came into her hands, beyond the barest necessities. When she died, on the last day of May, 1896, she was living in the bare little shanty that had sheltered her for years, and her rosary seemed literally the only thing worth picking up in the place.

WILLIAM ERB.

Transmission of Power by Electricity.

In considering the changes that are from day to day being wrought by electricity, the human mind fails to enthuse over the wonders accomplished by the current, because it has seen so many things done which but a brief time ago were deemed among the utter impossibilities. As each year of the last two decades has passed, and the account of electricity's progress has been scanned, it has been seen that truly startling results have been developed, and man has come to think that nothing is impossible for electricity's wonderful energy to accomplish.

The last ten years of the present century will always form a pleasing record for the electrical and engineering science to refer to, for they have given the great Niagara development to the world. This grand concentration of electric force under a single roof will probably stand for all time as the greatest of its kind on earth, for in no other place known are the possibilities of development so immense. Unrivaled it stands to-day; unrivaled it will remain.

But the ambition of the age has thoroughly penetrated the men back of the Niagara power development, and they are about to strive to attain greater things than the mere development of force. They aspire to transmit it many miles distant from the power-station—to carry it to market, as it were; and in order to do this they have built the greatest transmission-line the world knows of. This transmission-line is about twenty-six miles long, and extends from Niagara Falls, through city, town, and village, and across country, to

the city of Buffalo, where the force generated by the five-thousand-horse-power dynamos at Niagara Falls is to be used for the operation of the trolley-lines and for such other purposes as demand may create. For the entire length of the line three cables have been strung, making a total length of cable of seventy-eight miles. For all but about four thousand two hundred feet of the distance the cables are strung on poles thirty-five to sixty-five feet high, while for the distance specified the cable is laid in a vitrified tile conduit along the bank of the Erie Canal, under the right of the franchise granted to the Cataract General Electric Company by the State. The cable on the pole line is of bare copper, and of about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The cable in the conduit is lead-covered and insulated. Each pole has three cross-arms, the two upper ones being of the same size and designed for power-cables, while the third or lower one is smaller, and will carry a telephone-wire. Iron pins standing on the upper cross-arms support lines of galvanized barbed fence-wire, which are to serve as lightning protectors, being grounded at frequent intervals along the route. On each of the large cross-arms the power-cables are tied to double-petticoated porcelain insulators. In all parts the line is of very strong construction, and in turning corners and other angles additional poles are used, as well as double cross-arms, in order that the cable may have an increased number of pins to support the strain. The right of way over which the transmission-line extends is about thirty feet wide, and for about eighteen miles it runs through private property purchased by the Niagara Falls Power Company, in order that they might have a strip wide enough to afford all facilities for passing to and fro along the line for protective and other purposes. The present pole-line is set to the east of the centre of the strip, so that the line may be duplicated on the west side when occasion demands. The electric current as it flows from the generators at the Niagara Falls end of the line will have a voltage of two thousand two hundred, and will pass through the transformer station adjoining the power-house on the east, where the voltage will be raised. At the Buffalo end of the line it will again be passed through transformers to reduce the voltage before being used. The transformers at the Falls end of the line will be of the "step-up" or "booster" variety, while those at the Buffalo end will be of the "step-down" class.

Other places have transmission-lines, but in no place is there a line like the Niagara-Buffalo line. The largest electrical installation in Europe is now being built at Oberspree, near Berlin, Germany. There the three-phase system has also been adopted, but the station capacity will eventually be of only fifty thousand horse-power, whereas the Niagara Falls station will have a capacity of one hundred thousand horse-power. The transmission from the Oberspree station will be at a voltage of six thousand, while between Niagara Falls and Buffalo it will be at least ten thousand. Still another three-phase plant is to be installed on the Rhone, near Lyons, the voltage to be three thousand five hundred, and the three conductors to be formed in one cable. At present the longest electric-power transmission commercially effected is at Fresno, California, where an alternating current is carried by the three phase system a distance of thirty-five miles. The capacity of this plant, however, is but fifteen hundred horse-power, but the voltage at which the power is transmitted is twelve thousand. From this brief review of other notable power-plants of this country and Europe, it will be seen that none of them approaches in magnitude the grand plant at Niagara.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

The Bicycle in Paris.

THE Parisians have taken to the wheel as no other people in the world. They utilize it for all sorts of purposes, and everybody rides, from the soldiers to the artists' girl-models. The latest fad in the gay capital is to utilize the wheel for advertising purposes, and one frequently sees young and rather pretty women whirling along the boulevards and through the Bois, dressed in the extreme of bloomers, and wearing a white canvas jacket with large black letters painted on it, advertising some patent medicine, or soap, or cosmetic. Her hat-band also has the lettering.

The French women lean over their handle-bars, and the lettering seems all the more conspicuous for this reason. Imagine a young woman riding along Fifth Avenue with a white jacket reading in glaring letters: "Good-morning. Have you used Fearn's soap?"

Paris also has cyclist lamp-lighters, who go their rounds carrying their poles on their right shoulders and holding the handle-bar of the wheel with the left hand. On arriving at a lamp the lighter slackens his pace, and, placing one foot to steady his wheel, lights the lamp in an instant and then whirls away.



GREED, OR FRIENDSHIP? AN AMATEUR SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPH.



INDIAN MERCHANTS AT TREADWELL MINES.

as the property-corrupted white man might suppose. When the host has nothing left but the clothes on his back he is still and forever after the "man who gave a pot-latch"; the honor is very much like that conferred in other lands by a patent of nobility, only it requires no income to sustain it—to be sure, neither does the patent of nobility always. Sometimes the same man will succeed, in a long life, in giving two or three splendid pot-latches, and then his blood is blue indeed, and his descendants are proud of him.

Despite our efforts to introduce a saving selfishness, I, only three years ago, visited the scene of a fairly imposing pot-latch in Washington. It was given by an old Chinook chief a mile or so outside Port Townsend, on the shores of Puget Sound. He had a shanty out there, and he entertained, on this occasion, some two hundred Indians for three or four days, and gave away about two thousand dollars' worth of goods and food. If you could have seen him and his place you would have thought this was pretty royal generosity, and maybe, like myself, you would have felt a little thrill of admiration for it that would have helped you to understand how his own people looked upon it. Still, he did not come up to the old-time standard; he did not give away all he had, though he kept only a small fraction of his possessions.

The scene out there that day (it was in the early fall) was a very lively one. The Indians came in their canoes—those remarkable dug-outs they manage so wonderfully, and which whole families fairly live in—and scores of them lay along the narrow beach. Open fires dotted the strip of plain back of the beach, and at all of these cooking and feasting were going on; clams in every form were the chief feature of the menu, a sort of chowder filling most of the kettles; fish and potatoes made up the bill-of-fare. The host—he was a chief, and as such I had better designate him hereafter—would come out of his shanty with a stack of blankets on his arm, and throw them, one or two at a time, out into the open to be scrambled for. All was done very good-naturedly, and the spirit of grasping covetousness that one might have expected as the wrong side of pot-latch generosity was kept down by making the pot-latch universal; every one was giving to every one; the very babies were incited to give away what they loved most; this was instilled into them as the bravest, most noble thing they could do. The old chief—he was past the prime of life, though not much

The Way We Live.

THE CORDILLERAN HIGHLAND.

WHERE the prairies end in the West a mountain range a thousand miles thick stretches towards the Pacific, with a medley of shapeless crags jumbled together in inextricable confusion, and looking like a monstrous sea lashed to fury by a Titanic storm. It is a mob of peaks, some bald and bleak, some jagged and gnarled, some sublime and snow-clad, divided from each other by black abysses, and by chasms which are the horror of desolation. Against the clear blue sky gray clouds, driven by the north wind, scurry past and hide a crest here and a crow's-nest there. In the early dawn, above hill-tops rosy with the first sun-rays, the mountain eagle, with brown wings outstretched, slowly circles and screams, as if in derision of the locomotive whose rhythmic throbs rise from behind a screen of foliage in the valley. When sunset comes, if no tempest rages, the outline of the pink caps of the tallest peaks is toned down by a violet haze, but as night falls the sun drops suddenly behind some black Alp, and the range resumes its severe aspect, frowning as if ashamed of its momentary tenderness. A cold and stern silence wraps the scene.

Here, perhaps, when nature was wondering what it would do with this unformed world, there was once a glassy sea which broke gently and murmurously on the pebbles of the beach of the Saguache continent. Off shore, tropical islands panted in the glowing heat, and lofty lepidoptera shaded the siesta of the dinosaur, and sheltered the grinning crocodile as he sharpened his conical teeth for action; but their time passed, when in a capricious freak nature converted the soil on which they lived into a soggy marsh, in which the tall trees rotted and toppled over and died, inhaling with their last breath the carbonic acid which was necessary to convert them into coal. While the transformation was going on, the cooling of the earth reached a point where the crust no longer fitted its contents.

It shriveled and shrunk and contracted and tightened; the edges of the continent squeezed the inside till it folded upward like a sheet of paper whose edges are pushed towards each other. Simultaneously one of the periodical elevations of the earth's surface occurred in the whole Saguache region. A force whose energy we can hardly conceive lifted up a couple of miles above its former level a piece of earth-crust a thousand miles wide by five thousand miles long. The uplift emptied the Saguache Sea into the Gulf of Mexico on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other. Where the shark and the hook-tooth had gambled dry land appeared, and islands melted into each other to form the Cordilleran Upland. The bottom of the sea became the top of a ridge. So tremendous was the energy of the uplifting force that sedimentary as well as crystalline strata were tilted, twisted, folded, contorted, set on edge, driven into and through and over each other, so that the oldest rocks were set on top, the newest rocks took the place of the primeval granite, and the astonished brachiopod died on the summit of Mount Sheridan. Confusion became worse confounded when the age of volcanic eruptions began. Following the line of least resistance, subterranean fires broke through the new earth-crust and built themselves vent-chimneys which became towering mountains in their heyday they must have imparted to the new upland the appearance of an inferno of crimson flames and black smoke.

When the fury of the earthquake and the volcano exhausted itself the region was left much as we see it to-day. Then, as now, the ragged summits of Pike's Peak, Long's Peak, Mount Massive, Mount Lincoln, Mount Powell, Mount Elbert, Mount Yale, and their brethren, protruding through collars of low-lying clouds, engaged in electrical duels with a roar like that of thousands of twenty-inch mortars; and between them, black chasms, paved with uncouth boulders, sheltered the snake and the toad in gloomy caves, and warned the traveler to beware their brink, for if he lost his footing none were so foolish as to attempt to recover his remains.

In this chaotic aftermath of Creation are some of the richest mines of gold, silver, lead, tellurium, and zinc which the world contains. Sometimes the precious metal is found in veins, sometimes in deposits, sometimes in a free state in gravel, sometimes in a combination with rock. How it got where it is no one knows. One learned professor says it was pumped out of the bowels of the earth; another learned professor insists that it was rained down from heaven, having been held in solution in the atmosphere. Men of family will beware how they discuss either proposition in mixed society, for your rock-sharp's temper is hot, and the tools of his trade often lie ready to his hand.

Wherever the gold came from, it fell to John H. Gregory's lot to discover it forty years ago, in Gilpin County, Colorado. At that time the territory was known as a grazing country, in which forty bushels of wheat could be grown to the acre with irrigation. But the *auri sacra fames* which less than ten years before had set the world crazy over the news from California and Australia had just been quickened by stories of finds on Frazer's River, and several hundred adventurers trudged across the plains to the eastern slope of the Rockies to share Gregory's booty. Young men of daring and enterprise, who were foot-loose, invaded the Arapahoe country with a pick on one shoulder and a rifle on the other, just as the same class of adolescents are drifting to Klondike. Among them was Jerome B. Chaffee, who lived to be a millionaire and a United States Senator, and whose daughter married General Grant's son. Long afterwards, when wealth had come to him, and politics concerned him more than shafts, or drifts, or levels, he told me of his arrival at the mines.

"I was pretty poor in those days. When I got off the stage I found I had one twenty-dollar piece left—not a cent more. I went into the bar, round which a crowd was gathered, and, slapping my coin down on the counter, called out: 'Gentlemen, name your liquor. It's my treat this time.' And they all filled up to the health of the tenderfoot."

The first great mining-camps in Colorado were in Clear Creek, Boulder, Gilpin counties and the neighborhood. Their gold yield was large and they built up the city of Denver. When Billy Stevens, who had washed for gold in the gravel at Oroville, was tired, discovered silver carbonates in the range overlooking the upper Arkansas, his new camp at Leadville

became the rage. It deserved its boom. It was unknown when the Territory was admitted as a State; four years afterwards its yield was valued at twenty million dollars a year. And though the newer camp at Creede drew off a large share of its population and its laurels, it is equally productive to-day. Of late years discoveries of precious metal, especially gold, have been made in other localities, and the prospector has grown fat. But it has been remarked that no camp in Colorado which became noted as a producer has ever ceased to produce. Individual mines have "petered," but others have taken their place. Soldiers have fallen, but the army has continued to advance. It looks as if the output of the State would never be less than it is, and it may be greater.

The history of Virginia City repeated itself at Leadville, though the yield of Carbonate and Iron Hills and Stray Horse Gulch and the other gulches was never as large as the output of Mount Davidson. But there was the same furious pursuit of wealth, the same reckless life, the same vicissitudes of fortune, in both places; the same dance-halls and bars and gambling-houses open day and night; the same bloody fights and interminable lawsuits over apex and side lines; the same drunken bouts and mad sprees, in which men elsewhere respectable showed that the old Adam was not dead in them; the same sudden evolution of pauper into millionaire, and of millionaire into pauper; the same strikes under the orders of miners' unions, snatching the crust from the mouths of women and children.

Leadville is the more interesting place of the two. Planted on the upper Arkansas, at a spot where there used to be a lake seven miles wide, and where now the river is so puny a thread of water that the pedestrian crosses it without wetting his feet, it used to be so barren a desert that when a lady grew a head of lettuce the townfolk flocked to contemplate the exotic. Down the slope to the plain the Arkansas goes clattering through the grand cañon, which according to the local authorities, was sawed through the limestone strata by the torrent; in fact, the river was probably there before the rocks, which politely made way for it by settling on either side. A few miles from Leadville is the divide between the east and west watersheds. There is a spot back of Kokomo on which a man may stand, and with his right hand throw a chip into a stream which will carry it, by way of the Grand and the Colorado, into the Gulf of California, while with his left he may throw another chip into another stream which will convey it, by way of the Arkansas and the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico.

In the lowest foot-hills of the Rockies, where mountain merges into prairie, midway between Denver and Pueblo, with mighty Pike's Peak looming up on the west and the dim outline of the silver crest of the Sangre de Cristo faintly visible on the south stand Colorado Springs, Manitou, and the Garden of the Gods, which George W. Childs pronounced the nearest approach to Paradise he had ever seen—and he was a judge of Paradises. It is such a sanitarium that, if the residents are to be believed, no one ever dies there except from accident; and to guard against accident a clause in deeds of sale provides that any one who keeps liquor on his premises for sale shall forfeit his property. I am not prepared to admit—nor will I ask my readers to admit—that a beautiful cemetery which was laid out with ornamental trees has been converted into a base-ball ground, the inhabitants having no use for a place of burial; but there is good deal of plausible testimony to prove that the last resident doctor was found in the Garden of the Gods in a state of inanition from want of food.

Long ago the slope of Manitou hill was covered with a stratum of red sandstone. In the course of ages this stratum was eroded by the winds and rains, and nothing was left but the harder and tougher portions, which remain as lofty brown pillars. In the gloaming, or when in the white moonlight they cast long shadows over the sward, they look like pre-Adamite giants stalking down from their mountain caves to take vengeance on the mortals who have disturbed their repose. There is a story of a newspaper man who went there to describe them; he fancied they were avenging deities marching on him to punish him for a long life of fakes; he was found next morning in a fit, grasping in his hand an unfinished interview with a man he had never seen.

If the owners of the Garden of the Gods could persuade the hunter who is establishing a preserve of wapiti on the bank of the Roaring Fork to transfer his park to their domain, and if they added a few of the nearly extinct mountain sheep, their resort would be without an equal in this country, and probably in the world.

The Indians have ceased to trouble in Colorado. The warlike Arapahoes are extinct; the Utes, the Uncompahgres, and the Navahoes remain on their reservations in Utah. Some twelve or fifteen years ago, at the White River agency, just north of the Roan Mountains, an agent named Meeker who cherished a wild idea that his Indians adored him, fell out with them, and was discovered at his back door with no scalp on the top of his head. His daughter, Miss Josephine Meeker, was carried off by a buck whom she designated in her narrative as "the gallant Persue." A small party of troops, dispatched to the agency, fell into an ambuscade. The men built a small corral of boulders, behind which they crouched to avoid the shots of the Indians, who occupied the surrounding heights. Their supply of rations was short, and the Indians used their Winchesters effectively; the beleaguered soldiers seemed to have no alternative but death or starvation.

But the Secretary of War acted with vigor. Troops were gathered from Bridger, Laramie, and Halleck, as well as Leav-

erworth, and were placed under the command of Colonel Wesley Merritt. "Old Wesley," said veterans, "will come with a twirl." And so he did—tearing over brier and brake with mounted troopers and wagons full of Indian-fighters. Still, the poor fellows in the corral were growing very hungry, and when a cap was lifted above the boulders it had a hole in it before it could be drawn down. I will not undertake to describe their emotion when, one gray dawn, the blast of a bugle rang through the morning air, and an old soldier shouted, "That's the night signal of the Fifth United States Cavalry!" Readers who care for the rest of the story can get it from Chief Douglas, who is a life prisoner at Fort Leavenworth.

As to one little incident, it may be fair to anticipate him. In the force under Colonel Merritt was a company of colored troops. They sprang like tigers into the corral, with Indian bullets singing round their heads, and threw their rations to their white comrades, then dashed up the hillside with the light of battle in their eyes, firing as they went. When they reached the summit the Indian fire was silenced.

In the force whose lives were saved there was a young Irish recruit who used to tell the story in a racy style, and to wind up with the sentence, "And now, gentlemen, if you know of any man who says he will not serve with a naygur, I'll ask you to introduce me."

JOHN BONNER.

Newly-found Gold in California.

THREE hundred and three miles from San Francisco, in rich old Trinity County, finds of gold have been made within the last two weeks that are dividing interest in the Western States with the Klondike region. It was in Trinity County that Thomas Blythe, the dead millionaire, found much of his fortune, and the statement that rich pockets and ledges had been discovered there was not such a great surprise. A great many men who had in-



Photograph by Loyal L. Wirt.
HYDRAULIC GOLD-MINING ON COFFEE CREEK, TRINITY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

tended to go to Alaska have turned their faces towards Trinity, which is so much more accessible. The winter snows in Trinity are worse than in Alaska, as seventeen feet is the average. No work can be done in the winter time, but the season, though sharp, is also short, and there are several working months yet before snow falls. From San Francisco to the rich Trinity mines is three hundred and three miles. By rail one may travel two hundred and thirty-four miles, by daily stage twenty-two miles, by tri-weekly stage thirty-five miles, by wagon six miles, and by trail six miles. Provisions are not much higher than in San Francisco.

The strike that has created such wild excitement, and which is crowding all the northern Californian counties with tenderfoot prospectors, for Trinity adjoins Shasta, was made by John and Richard Graves. They took out between forty-two and forty-five thousand dollars in two days, and have one hundred thousand dollars in sight. The gold was round in the shape of a huge nugget of almost free gold in a seam of decomposed porphyry.

Coffee Creek and its tributaries, which water the region, are all very rich and are rapidly being taken up. Much of the mining is hydraulic, though plenty of the rich gold has been panned out by hand, and there is quartz and pocket mining.

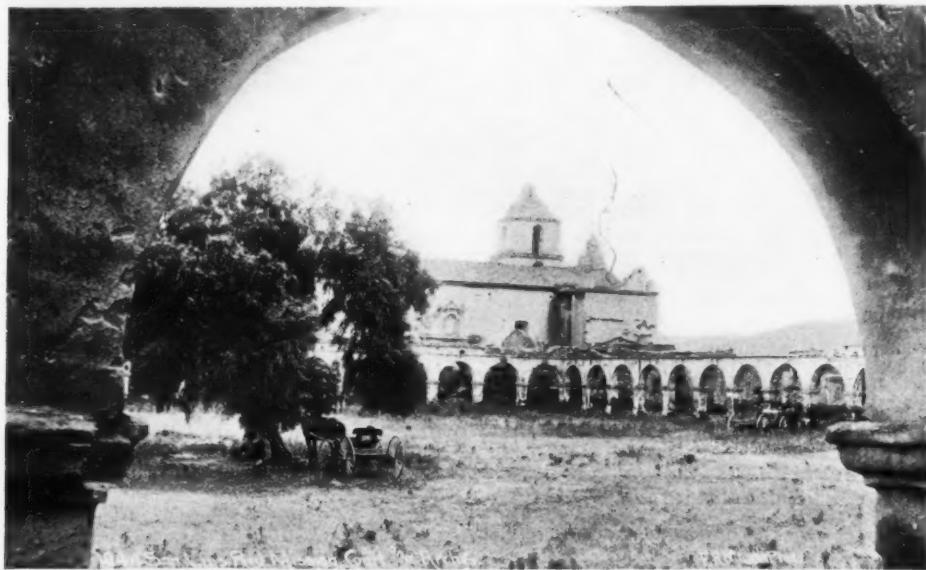
The road leading to Coffee Creek is thronged with prospectors and lined with the tents of those who are camping out. Extra stages have been put on and the mail has quadrupled.

MABEL C. CRAFT.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL
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Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



COURT AND ARCHES, SAN LUIS REY MISSION.



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INNER COURT, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.



MISSION OF SAN DIEGO, FOUNDED IN 1769.



IMAGES AND BAPTISMAL FONT, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.



SITE OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA'S FIRST MISSION.



GARDEN OF SANTA BARBARA MISSION.



BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL.

THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

[SEE PAGE 231.]

WRIGHT'S GENUINE

It is flexible.
Most Winter Underwear makes one feel as if they were incased in a coat of mail.

HEALTH UNDERWEAR.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.



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CONSTIPATION

No part of the human body receives more ill treatment than the bowels. Load after load is imposed until at last the intestines become clogged, refuse to act, worn out. Then you must assist nature. Do it, and see how easily you will be

Cured by **Cascarets**

CANDY CATHARTIC.

Not a violent mass of mercurial and mineral poisons, but a PURE VEGETABLE COMPOUND, that acts directly upon the diseased and worn out intestinal canal, makes it strong, and restores muscular action, at the same time gently stimulating the liver and kidneys. Not a patent liquid or pill-form dose, but a CANDY TABLET—pleasant to eat, easy and delightful in action.

They are indeed NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.

ALL DRUGGISTS 10c, 25c, 50c.

LEGAL NOTICE.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," COMMENCING ON THE 14th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1897, AND CONTINUING THEREIN CONSECUTIVELY FOR NINE (9) DAYS THEREAFTER, OF THE CONFIRMATION BY THE SUPREME COURT, AND THE ENTERING IN THE BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF ASSESSMENTS, ETC., OF THE ASSESSMENT FOR OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE TO EXTERIOR STREET, FROM EAST 6TH STREET TO EAST 81ST STREET, IN THE 19TH WARD.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, September 16th, 1897.

Advertise in LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Put it on The Roof

and nothing but years of storm and sun and wind can wear it off. Dixon's Silica Graphite Roof Paint lasts 15 to 20 years. For roofs, bridges, walls, agricultural implements and anything that requires protection from the action of the elements, acids, smoke or gases,

DIXON'S Silica Graphite ROOF PAINT

is the most serviceable and the most economical paint ever mixed—covers most and wears longest. Write for booklets and practical information about paints.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

WINNING ITS WAY.

BY REASON OF SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT (MAGNIFICENT IN EVERY DETAIL), LIMITED EXPRESS TIME, *à la carte* DINING-CAR, AND, IN FACT, ALL THAT GOES TO MAKE AN UP-TO-DATE TRAVELING PALACE.

THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS between NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BUFFALO, AND NIAGARA FALLS IS COMMANDING ATTENTION FROM THE TRAVELING PUBLIC, TO WHOM IT IS SO SUCCESSFULLY CATERING.

THEN, TOO, THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD OPERATE THREE EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, TO BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND THE WEST.

THESE TRAINS ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT, VESTIBULED THROUGHOUT, PULLMAN SLEEPING- AND PARLOR-CARS, DINING-CARS *à la carte*, PINTSCH GAS, MODERN IN EVERY PARTICULAR, SECOND ONLY TO THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE MATTER TO CHARLES S. LEE, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

INTER-STATE FAIR AT TRENTON, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 28TH, 29TH, 30TH, AND OCTOBER 1ST.

THE GREAT INTER-STATE FAIR AT TRENTON GROWS MORE EXTENSIVE AND IMPORTANT EACH RECURRING YEAR, AND THE EXHIBITION TO BE HELD ON SEPTEMBER 27TH, 28TH, 29TH, 30TH, AND OCTOBER 1ST PROMISES TO BE UNUSUALLY COMPREHENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE. EVERY DEPARTMENT WILL BE REPLED WITH INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE DISPLAYS. THE BLOODED STOCK EXHIBIT WILL BE PARTICULARLY FINE, AND THE DAILY PROGRAMME OF RACES CONTAINS THE SPEDIEST CLASSES OBTAINABLE. CIRCUS ACTS OF RARE MERIT AND DARING, AND VADEVILLE ENTERTAINMENTS OF ALL KINDS, WILL BE PRESENTED.

THE LARGE PURPOSES OFFERED IN THE MANIFOLD EXHIBITS AND CONTESTS INSURE UNUSUAL EFFORTS IN THE ENDEAVOR TO PROVE SUPERIORITY IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, AS IS ITS YEARLY CUSTOM, WILL SELL EXCURSION TICKETS ON THIS OCCASION AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES FROM STATIONS WITHIN A WIDE RADIUS, AND SPECIAL TRAINS OVER THE NEW YORK, BELVIDERE, AND AMBOY DIVISIONS WILL RUN THROUGH TO THE GROUNDS. THE TRACKS OF THE COMPANY RUN DIRECT TO THE FAIR GROUNDS, THUS AVOIDING STREET-CAR TRANSFER, AND ARE THE ONLY ONES WITHIN THREE MILES. THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FAIR HAS PUT FORTH EXTRAORDINARY EFFORTS TO MAKE THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION THE GREATEST EVER GIVEN.

HEAVY STOMACH IN THE MORNING? A DASH IN WATER OF ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. SUN SHINES ALL DAY. ABBOTT'S, THE GENUINE ORIGINAL.

THE SOHMER PIANO RECEIVED THE FIRST MEDAL OF MERIT AND DIPLOMA OF HONOR AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. IT HAS THE ENDORSEMENT OF THE LEADING ARTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS MAKE HEALTH, ROSY CHEEKS, AND HAPPINESS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA.

WHEN AN ARTICLE HAS BEEN SOLD FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS, IN SPITE OF COMPETITION AND CHEAP IMITATIONS, IT MUST HAVE SUPERIOR QUALITY. DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY MADE AND SOLD SINCE 1865. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. BEST OF ALL.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"WEIL, THAT LOOKS NATURAL," SAID THE OLD SOLDIER, LOOKING AT A CAN OF CONDENSED MILK ON THE BREAKFAST-TABLE IN PLACE OF ORDINARY MILK THAT FAILED ON ACCOUNT OF THE STORM. "IT'S THE GALT BORDEN EAGLE BRAND WE USED DURING THE WAR."

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE FOR THE TEETH. 25 CENTS A JAR.

SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. CRÈME SIMON, MARVELOUS FOR THE COMPLEXION AND LIGHT CUTANEOUS AFFECTIONS; IT WHITENS, PARFUMS, FORTIFIES THE SKIN. J. SIMON, 13 RUE GRANGE BATELIERE, PARIS. PARK & TILFORD, NEW YORK; DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS, FANCY-GOODS STORES.

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CURES INDIGESTION AND SEA-SICKNESS.
ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

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Linen Both Sides
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CURED. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

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PLAYS DIALOGUES, SPEAKERS FOR SCHOOL, CLUB AND PARLOR. CATALOG FOR 2 CTS. T. S. BENISON, PUBLISHER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
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THOUSANDS HAVE DISCARDED THE IDEA OF TRYING TO MAKE THEIR OWN COCKTAILS, HAVING BECOME CONVINCED THAT THEY CANNOT EQUAL THE "CLUB" BRAND. MILLIONS WILL WHEN THEY HAVE SIMPLY GIVEN THEM A FAIR TRIAL.



THESE COCKTAILS ARE MADE OF ABSOLUTELY PURE AND WELL MATURED LIQUORS AND THE MIXING EQUALS TO THE BEST COCKTAILS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD. THE PROPORTIONS BEING ACCURATE, THEY WILL ALWAYS BE FOUND UNIFORM.

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SOLD BY DEALERS GENERALLY, AND ON THE DINING AND BUFFET CARS OF THE PRINCIPAL RAILROADS.
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20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENGLAND.

BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

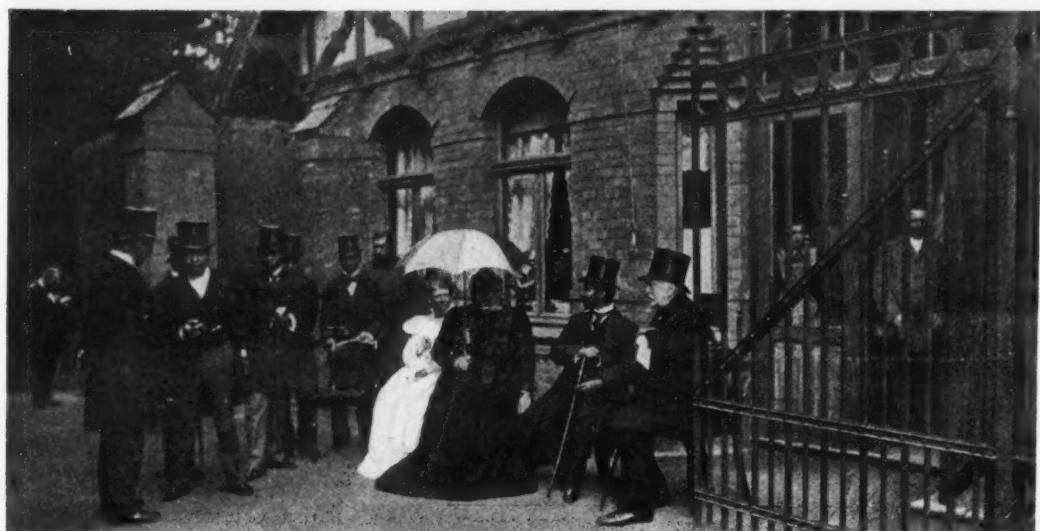
FOR SALE IN QUARTS AND PINTS BY LEADING GROCERS, LIQUOR DEALERS AND DRUGGISTS.

WIGS, WHISKERS, PLAYS, TRICKS, AND NOVELTIES. ILL'D CATALOGUE FREE. C. E. MARSHALL, MFR., LOCKPORT, N.Y.

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CONSTIPATION—Caused by Over-Work!
Over-Eating!
Over-Drinking!
No part of the human body receives more ill treatment than the bowels. Load after load is imposed until at last the intestines become clogged, refuse to act, worn out. Then you must assist nature. Do it, and see how easily you will be cured by **Cascarets**, CANDY CATHARTIC. Cured by **Cascarets**. They are indeed NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. ALL DRUGGISTS 10c, 25c, 50c.

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VISIT OF THE KING OF SIAM TO PRINCE BISMARCK, AT FRIEDRICHSHUHE.
Illustrierte Zeitung.



A ROYAL PATRON OF SPORTS AND THE OPERA BALLET—
LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS, AT OSTEND.—*Sketch*



VISIT OF THE DUKE OF YORK TO IRELAND—THE ROYAL PARTY SHOOTING THE RAPIDS
AT THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.—*Illustrated London News.*



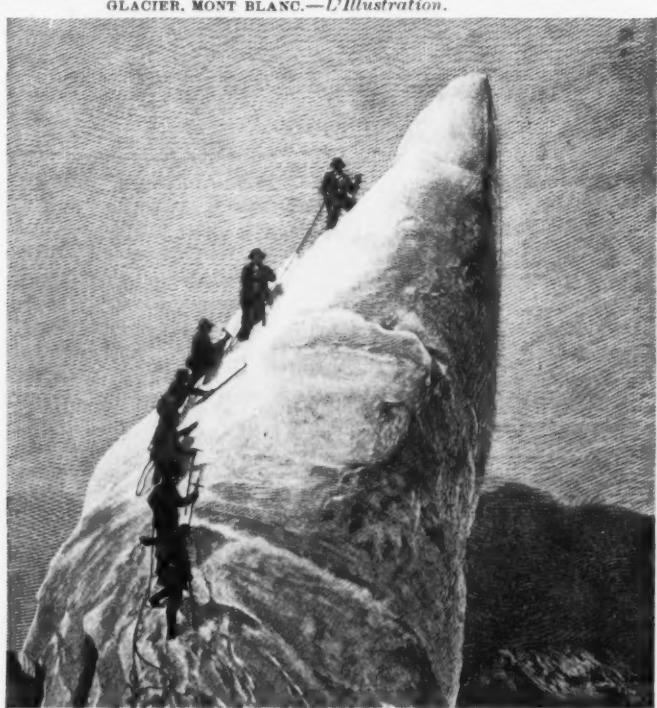
A VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE, IN POONA, INDIA.—*Sketch.*



PERILS OF ALPINE MOUNTAINEERING—REMAINS OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE
avalanche of October, 1866, recently recovered, on the BOSSONS
GLACIER, MONT BLANC.—*L'Illustration.*



THE BOSSONS GLACIER, ON MONT BLANC, WHERE SIX PERSONS PERISHED IN AN AVALANCHE,
OCTOBER 13TH, 1866.—*Illustrierte Zeitung.*



ONE CAUSE OF ALPINE AVALANCHES—AN ICE-NEEDLE ON MONT
BLANC.—*Illustrierte Zeitung.*



ALASKA'S PRINCIPAL FOOD SUPPLY—INDIAN METHOD OF FISHING.—DRAWN BY DAN BEARD.

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ELIXIR DENTIFRICE.
AN EXQUISITE ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH.
INSURES HARD GUMS, WHITE TEETH, AND SWEET BREATH.
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The OVERLAND'S "Missing Word" Contest.

PRIZE, \$1,000 IN CASH.

The sentence is taken from a New England Classic—a story by an American author, whose name is a household word, and is as follows:

"The — had fled away from these two wanderers."

You cannot lose anything if you enter this contest; for whether you win the cash prize or not you will get a year's subscription to the greatest of Western Magazines, which, since its foundation by Bret Harte twenty-nine years ago, has sold for Three Dollars a year.



The OVERLAND MONTHLY is now more interesting than ever. Its articles on the Klondike Gold Fields are attracting world wide attention; and its pages are redolent with the breath of the Sierras and the piney West.

The title of the book, and the chapter and page in which the sentence appears, have been placed in a sealed envelope and deposited in the Anglo-California Bank of San Francisco. At the close of the competition the envelope will be opened, and the sentence given, with full title of the book, chapter and page in the succeeding number of the OVERLAND. The prize of \$1,000 will then be given, by certified check, to the person who has correctly supplied the missing word in the sentence:

"The — had fled away from these two wanderers."

NOTE: The length of the dash in the above sentence is no indication of the length of the missing word it represents.

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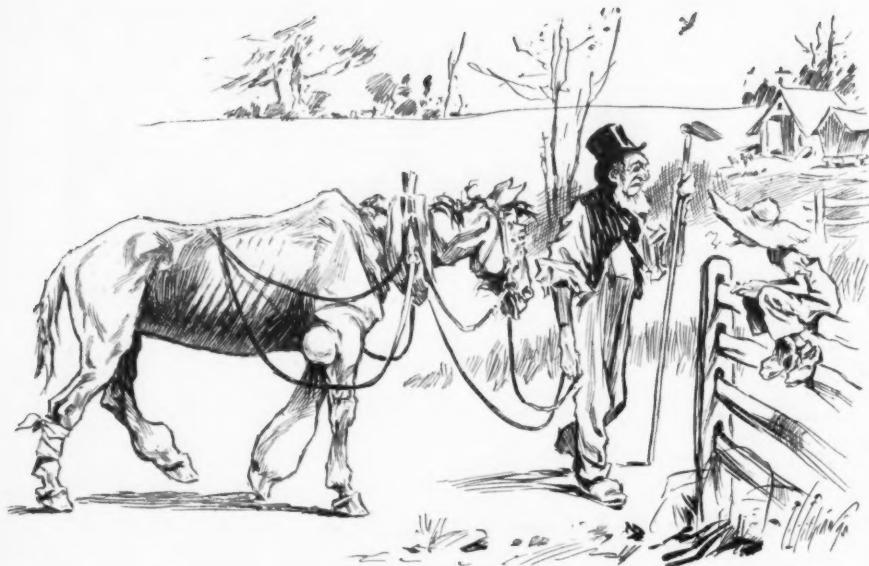
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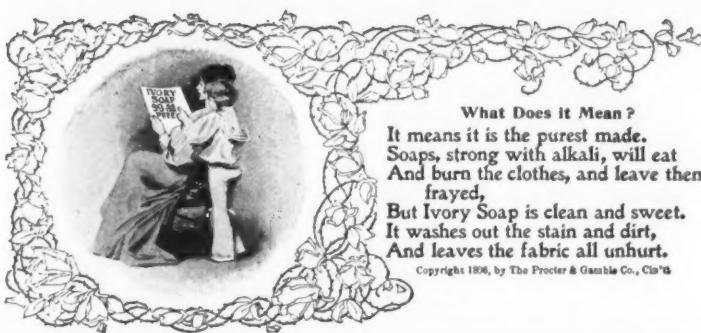
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